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THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—JEFFERSON.

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THE ISSUE IN OCTOBER NEXT:

James M. Power and the Whig Tariff of '42. Wm. B. Foster and the British Tariff of '46.

People of Pennsylvania, here is the issue fairly stated. The election of JAS. M. POWER, will be regarded all over the Union as evidence not to be misunderstood, that PENNSYLVANIA is not to be PROSTRATED IN THE DUST, or her honest voters CHEATED AND HUMBLED with impunity—while every vote polled for WM. B. FOSTER will be deemed an expression in favor of FREE TRADE and the BRITISH TARIFF OF 1846.

Annie Lyle.

BY FLORENCE GRAY.

Little Annie Lyle was the angel of our village. Her pretty flaxen ringlets had a world of poetry in them; and her mild blue eye looked as if it had been intended only for heaven, and not for a world like this. I wish you could have heard her laugh. It was not like running water, like bird's carol, nor like the sigh of a zephyr; but it was a something made up of the music and silver and melody of all combined. She was like a sensitive plant in modesty, was our dear little Annie; and when you would look too earnestly in her eyes, the long lashes drooped over them, as if the angels who kept watch there shaded them mercifully with their wings.

The very boys at school loved Annie. It is true there was one now and then who did a spiteful thing towards her, but they paid for their insolence if Edmund Dale heard of it. He was Annie's self-elected defender, her counselor in all her difficulties, and her constant companion. Why, they were like two lovers! And I do not see why children may not love like grown-up folks. Certainly, Annie blushed if teased about Edmund, as much as you would, fair reader, if teased about some one else; and as for Edmund, he was positively unhappy if a day's indisposition kept Annie from school. They were once overheard demurely arranging their future plans, for they had fixed it even then that they were to be married when they grew up. Edmund had selected a spot on his father's farm where their house was to be, but he could not determine where to place the barn. "Never mind, dear," said Annie, coaxingly, "you know if we get a home, the barn isn't so much matter."

Annie grew up very beautiful. I can compare her at fifteen to nothing but a violet, hakeneyed as the similitude is. She was so graceful and light in her motions, that those who saw her tripping over the green, thought involuntarily of a swallow skimming the field. Oh! what a happy voice was hers, as she carolled some old fashioned air or sang in the village choir.

But Annie did not always remain light hearted. She was still a girl in years as in manners when her father died. Mr. Lyle had never been thought a rich man, but every body was surprised to hear that his estate proved insolvent. A small debt here and a large one there soon ate up the farm, and the widow Lyle found herself with three children and no roof to cover them. But she was proud, and so was Annie, who, from being the oldest child, poor thing! was the confident of her mother's troubles; so the debts were all rigidly paid, the furniture, though prized for many associations, was sold, and the bereaved family removed to a humble cottage, with but one story, and only two rooms at that, on the edge of the village. But there was a sweet-brier over the door, and on one side it was half covered with ivy. So at first

it was thought a very pleasant place.

I do not know how it is with others, but I could never blame the widow Lyle and Annie for being proud and refusing to accept aid from strangers. They were grateful for work, but they would not take a cent without earning it; and those earnings were slight enough. The widow Lyle had always been of delicate health, and the cares of her new lot soon proved too much for her. Yet she worked and worked, night after night, she and Annie plying their needles by candle-light, often far toward morning, until exhausted nature gave way, and she was laid on a bed of sickness.

The winter was just opening when this took place, the second winter after her widowhood; and the sympathies of the people, which at first beat so warmly in her favor, had found time to cool. Not that any body loved her or little Annie less; but then folks did not think of them so often, and did not any longer go out of their way to assist Mrs. Lyle's family. Thus Annie found herself alone, with a long winter before her, and necessity of providing from day to day for all their wants. She struggled on for a while and then her heart came nigh breaking, for she found that her utmost exertions failed to supply them with fuel and bread.

But where was Edmund Dale all this time—he who should have saved her from suffering? Times had changed since he used to wander with her through the button-wood grove, their light laughter making the stage traveller turn back with a "God bless them!" Edmund's father, too, had died, and died before Mr. Lyle; and Edmund had been taken away by his guardian, an uncle in the city. He had cried all the afternoon before he had departed, and Annie had cried too, though her little lover had wiped the tears from her eyes with her apron, and strove to soothe her. At first they heard from him occasionally, for he wrote long letters, in his boyish style, to Annie; but these gradually became scarce, and for years Annie had heard nothing of the absent boy.

Poor Annie! Many will not believe what I am going to tell them, and will laugh at a child of ten being in love; but if pining for the absent and thinking of him daily from ten to sixteen constitutes love—and it is more like true love than many a thing that goes by that name—then Annie was in love with the bold, frank, rosy-cheeked boy who used to fight her battles and bring her the first apples and strawberries of the season. Now, when reduced in fortune, and often at the very door of want, Annie would sigh and dream of Edmund Dale; and all her visions of future happiness had him for a part of the picture. Poor Annie, I have said, was still a girl—an innocent, trustful girl—though fast learning the destiny of womanhood, and growing old prematurely.

Many a wan line now began to be traced on Annie's face; and the dimples that once sported around her mouth like sunshine around ripples, assumed a sad, sober expression, as if a sorrowful angel had come up from her soul and fixed himself there, to tell the world what she was too proud to reveal, that her heart was breaking. People at last found it out. They began to suspect that the widow Lyle's poverty was greater than it seemed, though the children always looked tidy, and not even they ever complained. So a kind neighbor undertook to find out the truth. The youngest child was seduced into the house at dinner time, when his wistful eyes as he looked on the wholesome food, and his eager appetite as he partook of it, revealed the secret.

"Poor little dear," said the kind-hearted neighbor, "it would have made you cry to see how famished he was. But what can we do for Annie? There she sits, night after night, straining out her eyes sewing, too independent to ask aid, or I fear accept it, though her heart and health both break."

Just at this time the village school mistress got married, and some kind-hearted neighbor proposed that Annie Lyle should take her place. Everybody wondered that no one had thought of the plan before. Annie was very young, it was true, but then all loved her; and so it was soon settled that she should have a trial, at least.

It was a new world to Annie, and she trembled as she entered the cheerless school-room; but her mother was sick at home, and this was the only resource left from starvation, or what

was worse, beggary. She could do all the work of the family after school hours, and might snatch a moment or two at night for sewing; so she nerved her little heart to meet the contemptuous looks of the bigger boys, and the sullen behavior of the younger pupils. Dear Annie, had she known all she had to undertake, she would never have undertaken school teaching.

Annie was too young for her vocation. She meant well, and won many to love her, but there were a few unruly spirits not to be coaxed by sweet smiles or gentleness, whose rebellious habits were sufficient to destroy all discipline. The elders soon found it would not do, and poor Annie herself feared it. Jaded and fretful with the troubles of her school, she returned home at night to wet her pillow with tears. At length the disaffection broke out into open rebellion; and Annie, for once, tried to enforce obedience. The result was that the school broke up in disorder, the bigger boys hooting at their "baby mistress," as they called her, and proclaiming a holiday in derision from her very seat.

Poor Annie went home sobbing, for her heart was breaking. All her little dreams of comfort were dissipated by this rude termination of her authority, and she saw it would be useless to persist longer in her present vocation. She had calculated the salary to a penny, and arranged how it was all to be spent; it would just suffice, with a little more she expected to make by her needle, to carry them through the winter. But now this bright vision was dissipated. She was in debt, too; for, relying on the salary, she had ventured to purchase one or two little comforts for her mother; and debt was new to Annie, and in her simple heart, allied with visions of a jail. As she turned to go homeward, one or two of the younger children—little girls of six or seven—clung to her gown, and crying as hard as herself, yet strove to comfort her. So she struggled to compose herself, wiped her eyes, kissed the little dears, and bade them good bye.

As she went up the road, she had to pass the farm-house where her father once lived. The memory of the happy days spent there rose up and choked her; but she resolutely went on, keeping down her tears by a strong effort. When she reached the main street of the village, she turned aside. It was the first time she had ever done so, but it seemed to her as if everybody knew her disgraceful failure, and that a hundred eyes were on her.

Poor Annie! Her mother's cottage was before her, yet she dared not enter it. Should she go home and tell how there was now no refuge for them but the poor-house? She knew it would kill her mother, and she had not the heart to do so. Mrs. Lyle had said all along that Annie, she knew would succeed as school-mistress, and even been more fertile than her daughter in picturing visions of returning prosperity. Her little brother and sister, too, they must often again be sent supperless to bed. Well might Annie shrink from entering that cottage! She turned aside, sat down on a fallen tree, and began to weep piteously. I am sure you would have cried yourself, if you had heard her heartbreaking sobs.

It was a bright, beautiful day in February—one of those mild, soft days when summer seems to have come back into the lap of winter—but Annie saw not, heard not, the beautiful things around her, and kept on crying as if every sob would tear her young heart to pieces. She did not even know it was the old button-wood grove to which she had unconsciously come. She did not see a young man who arrived in the stage, and immediately went down the village street till he reached her mother's; she did not see him enter, and re-appear again after an interval, taking the way that led to the school-house: she did not see him meet some of the little scholars who had tried to comfort her, but who, with their tears now dried, were having a merry slide; she did not see him stop and speak to them, then look all round, and then retrace his steps to the village hastily, and yet with a sad countenance. No, poor Annie, as she sat there crying bitterly, saw none of this. She only saw the approaching beggary of her family: so with her face buried in her hands, and the tears trickling between the fingers, she rocked her body to and fro.

"Oh! I wish I was dead," she said. "Everybody will despise me, and mother, it will kill

her—oh! I wish I was dead."

An early bird, rejoicing in the glad weather, hopped down at her feet, and looking up as if in sympathy, piped his little song; but Annie heard him not—she was thinking, by some strange whim, how even Edmund had deserted her, and her tears and sobs came faster.

"Oh! I've not a friend in the world," she said—"I'm all alone—"

"Nay! not all alone, Annie," said a voice at her side, which, though a strange one, seemed yet not wholly strange. "For I have not forgot my little wife, if she has not forgot me!"

Annie started to her feet, and her sobs ceased. She even uttered a faint scream; for there stood Edmund Dale, come back to claim her as his bride. His arm was already around her waist, and his bold and handsome face, still the same, though older and more manly than when she last saw it, was looking kindly at her! Poor Annie! she had long wanted some one to tell her griefs to: so she gave a long look into that face, and sprang sobbing into his arms.

There was a wedding, you may be sure, at our village that spring. Some might have thought Annie too young to get married, but it is strange how soon she learned dignity from the manliness of her lover; and before the June roses began to blow, you would scarcely have known her, so rapid was the change from the child to the woman. Yet Annie was still the same sweet, graceful creature as before, only she had more self-reliance, and more quiet composure. Besides, Edmund would not listen to the marriage being delayed. He had come back rich, for he had inherited all the wealth of his guardian, who had lately died; so he had purchased the big house at the head of the village, where old Doct. Newbury had lived—the most aristocratic house it was too, within twenty miles—and how could he get along in it now without a housekeeper? Mrs. Lyle, moreover, would never get better till she had a more healthy apartment, and the children, it was a shame they should have no place to play in when there was such a fine lawn with noble old cedars at Newbury Hall! So Edmund's arguments carried the day, and a merry time we had, I warrant you, when little Annie Lyle went home to the old house as mistress, riding in her carriage, with a servant in white favors to open the gates.

Dogs in the Battles.

Very many of the officers attached to the army of occupation, own remarkably fine dogs, principally of the pointer and setter species. After the battle of the 8th began and the firing became very intense, two dogs remarkable for their intelligence, appeared to listen to the confusion for a while with great astonishment, and then evidently holding a consultation, they started off with great speed for Point Isabel, being the first arrivals at that place from the battle field. There was a brave dog, however, to redeem the character of the species. He posted himself in front of one of the batteries and watching with the intensest gravity, the appearance of the discharged ball, would start after it at full speed, expressing great surprise that it was out of his sight so suddenly. He would then wheel round, and watch the appearance of another ball and then again commence the chase. He thus employed himself through the action, and escaped unharmed.

RIGHT OF WAY.—"Mr. Siddlesmith, you tink we get de rail-road, eh?"

"Oh yes, I think so."

"When yor tink we get him—pretty soon?"

"Yes—in four or five years."

"Four or five years? Why I read in de papers we get him 'right of way.'"

The house flies in New Orleans are all dying off the Delta thinks with yellow fever. This is worse than the story the Hoosters tell about the catfish in the Maumee river shaking to death with the ague.

Another Fish story.—A party recently fishing in the Tallapoosa, observed an enormous catfish break water near them, and float exhausted. He was easily secured, and as he was evidently gorged with something which seemed still alive, he was opened and a full grown possum, still alive and grinning, taken from him.

Circulation of the Blood.

In describing the circulation of the blood, it is customary to begin at the heart. The heart contains four cavities; two ventricles and two auricles; that is, the right and left ventricles, and the right and left auricle; cavities which fill and empty at every pulsation of the organ. The motion of the heart is that of expansion and contraction; a motion not unlike that of a bellows. By expanding, the cavities are drawn full of blood, and by contracting, is thrown out; thus, by receiving the blood from the large, and passing it into the arteries a constant circulation is kept up, from the heart, through the arteries, to all parts of the body, and back to the heart through the veins from all parts of the body.

The system of blood vessels, known by the name of arteries, through which the blood passes in its course from the heart, to every part of the body, commences at the heart in the form of a large vessel, called the aorta, of about one half inch diameter in the adult man. From this point it passes upward and downward, giving off large branches to every portion of the bowels, lungs, legs, arms, head, &c. From this second artery, thousands of others branch off, spreading and branching off in every direction, increasing in number and diminishing in size, until every minute particle of flesh and bone, however small, is very abundantly supplied with arteries smaller than a human hair. So very extensive is this system of vessels, that not even a pin or needle can enter any part of the flesh without wounding some one or more of them, giving origin to the escape of blood, and so small as not to be seen by the eye without the aid of glasses. These extremely small arteries finally terminate by emerging into veins. In this way all the arteries terminate and all the veins commence.

The veins, commencing at the termination of the arteries, return to the heart, by following the course of the arteries back, so that a description of the veins in general terms, amounts, with a few exceptions, to an inverted description of the arteries. In the distribution of the veins there is generally much less regularity in the corresponding arrangement of the arteries.

Having thus arrived at the right auricles of the heart, the blood has traversed its great circuit.—From the right auricle, the blood passes into the right ventricle, from which it is thrown with some force, through all parts of the lungs traverses the great pulmonary arteries which, like the other arteries of the body, increase in number and diminish in size until they emerge into veins. The pulmonary veins originating from the terminations of the minute extremities of the pulmonary arteries, converge by diminishing in number and increasing in size, until they form one large vein entering the left auricle of the heart. By these veins, the blood is returned to the heart, entering the left auricle, from which it passes directly into the left ventricle, the cavity from which it started.

The weight of blood, in ordinary adult man, is about 24 pounds, measuring nearly 3 gallons. The color of the blood is created by oxidation of a minute quantity of iron, which is carried into the blood with the nutritive principle.—The blood is not all albumen, but it is albumen mixed with, or dissolved in, water, and containing besides, the elements of respiration.—The proportion of water to other parts is about as eight to twenty; that is, 80 per cent. water and 20 per cent. of album, respiratory element.—Casket.

Moral Wastes.

A colporteur of the American Tract Society, who visited the Western Districts of Pennsylvania, describes places where the Sabbath is unknown, except as a day devoted to hunting, and fishing, and "buckwheat thrashing;" families that have never heard a sermon in their lives; houses in which not a single book of any kind is to be found; shingle-cutters and hunters, living in the woods, or lining the water courses at intervals, where the gospel never comes, and no book is ever brought or read.

"Can you give me two halves for a dollar?" inquired a loafer of a retail storekeeper.

"Yes," said the man, placing two halves on the counter.

"To-morrow I will hand you the dollar," said the loafer, pocketing the money.